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"DR. IDA"

The Hospital Babies' Home

VELLORE
INDIA

Ida S. Scudder, M. D



WOMAN'S BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS,
REFORMED CHURCH IN AMERICA
25 EAST 22D STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Hospital Babies' Home, Vellore, India

THE greatest joy of the Medical Work is the number of ways one can follow in the Master's footsteps, and teaching all, of the Father in Heaven and His love, and not least, gathering the little ones and placing them in a safe and happy home. As we look back to the days when the Schell Hospital verandah was the only home our children knew, one's heart is filled with a song of thanksgiving. The Home is a little house at the back of the Medical School buildings, it has two rooms, a kitchen, plenty of verandah, an open courtyard ablaze with marigolds, a well in the corner with stone slabs around, where the children have their baths. A simple little house but much of joy and brightness. The children are very happy, with their games under the trees, the swings, and sand piles. Mrs. Cornelia Enoch is the presiding genius and has a heart big enough and loving enough to take in all the children. There are now 23 little people, and no children's service in the



ONE KIND OF AMBULANCE

church is complete without a song or a recitation from the "babies" and they do so well, so free from any self-consciousness.

How the Need was Realized

One day a fine-looking young Mohammedan girl was brought into Schell Hospital. Her mother was a tall stately, well-born



**BRINGING SICK CHILDREN
TO THE DISPENSARY**

woman, holding aloof from all of us. Soon after they had entered the Hospital a lovely little girl was born, and her baby cry should have brought joy to the beautiful young girl, her mother, but she would have none of her, she thrust the wee baby away, refusing to even look at its little soft head covered with an abundance of glossy black hair, and the bright eyes seemed to have an inquiring look in them. Not many days later I was passing the ward where the baby was lying in its little basket, and for some reason I was lead to walk over and look at the baby.

I saw a blue, swollen face, eyes rolled up and I thought the baby dead. Throwing the covers off, I lifted the child up, to find a bit of cloth tied tightly around its throat. The mother and grandmother wanted it to die and in this way were trying to kill it. Only a wee unwelcomed girl baby, and what should be done with her. We couldn't resist that baby and we took her in, little realizing that day, what taking one small baby into our hearts was to mean in the future.

Not long after that an exquisite Brahmin baby girl was born in the Hospital. It was one of the loveliest bits of human fragility one could wish to see, but the poor mite was despised also, and that old grandmother who promised to give her to us, succeeded one day in rubbing some poison on the little tongue, and though we thought we had been watching carefully

to prevent such a thing, the tiny baby died an hour after her mother had left the Hospital. The mother before leaving had said she wanted to see the baby just once more, and thinking the mother instinct was coming back, but death was the result. We could not trace them. They had vanished amongst the multitudes of India, unashamed. The mite was only an illegitimate girl baby, she was better dead than alive in their estimation.

One evening as we were at dinner, the boy said a policeman wanted to speak to the doctor. I went out. In his arms he held a little boy, who looked sick and wretched. He had been found in a bazaar, no one knew who he was, he had been begging for his food for some days, "Would we take him?" Yes, we would enlarge our circle, and now rejoice over this wee little fellow.



A BUSY TRIO

A woman came into the Hospital not very long after with a rollicking, fat, fascinating baby, a girl. She had a large family and she could not keep another girl. If we would take her she would leave her, if not she would take her to the dancing women and they would buy her for the temple. I put out my arms to the little one, and baby fashion she came, gurgling with mirth, and she had to stay, we couldn't let her go to the temple.

Gradually the circle increased and still they come. Many of those we have taken have died. What are we saving them from? Lives of enforced evil, lives of the dancing girl who lives in the very lap of sin and she cannot help it, poor child, for most of them are sold into the temple, the boys to become temple boys, beggars, and often thieves, many ending in the

district jails, no one to care, only a forsaken child, despised and knocked about.

One of the last babies has caused quite a stir in our little world. She weighed two pounds when born, and her poor sick mother died soon after. The tiny mite was wrapped in cotton and was a queer-looking little object. Lady Willingdon came to the Hospital on a visit. She took a fancy to the wee creature, asked that it be given her first name "Marie" and she then ordered an incubator to be sent from Madras for her. Wee Marie is thriving and now weighs nearly three pounds. She is a quaint-looking little thing more like a spider than a baby.

We are so grateful that He has allowed us even a small part in rescuing these little ones, snatching the low filthy lives been living and God's own sun as His own, is a

A number of have been given tarry only a few and have then slipped away despite all of our efforts they were too frail

All the children come to a new they crowd around and admire the new baby and rejoice over having a new member in their home.

Miss Houghton gives what time she can to the home and supervises the children.

"Gather these little ones into your hearts, dear friends at home, love and pray for them and help us support this very needy home."

"That heart which takes up the battle for His little ones, beats in time with the heart of The Master."



TWO LITTLE BOYS

ful to the Master lowed us even a cuing these little them away from they would have placing them in shine to grow up privilege.

little ones who to us have come to weeks or months ped away despite to keep them, but to live.

give a great wel-sister or brother,

THE Baby Roll supports the Children's Home, Amoy, China, and the Hospital Babies' Home, Vellore, India.

Any child may become a member of the Baby Roll by the payment of one dollar. The child's full name, with date of birth and the name of the one who pays the fee, should be sent with the dollar to Secretary of the Baby Roll,

*Mrs. P. A. MacLean
864 President Street
Brooklyn, New York.*